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For the third issue in the 27th Volume of the Omen on October the 13th in 2006, the year of our Lord.

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# TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are Saturdays before 7 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

"There aren't that many black people out there, mostly just Phil and Wayne Brady."

-Abbie O'Reilly, on Black People

Front Cover:

Kari Linder

Back Cover:

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## THE OMEN STAFF Layout & Editing

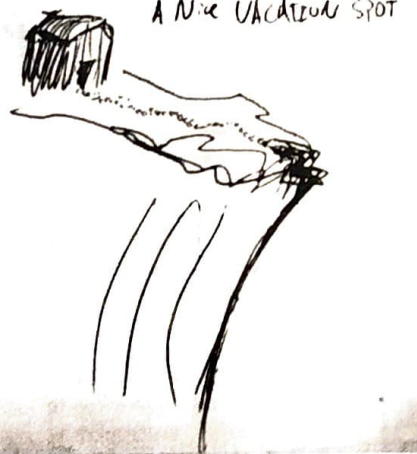
omen.hampshire.edu

Jacob Lefton	Throws his feces
Molly McLeod	Sits in tree
Josh Hilliard	Masturbates in front of schoolchildren
Zoe Kay	Eats banana
Lindsay Barbien	Spreads the disease
Scott Tundermann (F'92)	Has sex to show dominance
Kelly Taylor (F'93)	Looks for bugs
Jerusha Chapman-Hirsch	Suckles breast of mother
Panda	Also throws feces
Stephen Morton	Screams loudly
Tara Jacob	Juggles on a unicycle

## EDITORIAL

### Twenty Fucking Minutes

#### Suicide Village A Nice Vacation Spot



Last week, I met a girl who commented that we hadn't talked in three years. We pass occasionally, but haven't really shared more than a 'hello' since I commented on her Utilikilt. It was really interesting though to be in a conversation that started with, "We haven't talked in like three years." "Yeah, pretty much."

And then there was a silence. You could consider it awkward, but it's only awkward if you feel that way.

What's more awkward is the stupid thing I heard this morning. Girl walks out of Merrill and sees boy who has presumably been busy all weekend. Girl shouts, "Hey [Name], where have you been all my life?"

I don't know, where *has* he been? Mars? Fighting freedom fighters in South American countries? In his room or around campus somewhere that you aren't? Is it just me, or is that a dumb thing to say? People say a lot of dumb

things.

And now, a word from our sponsor Abby. She's so special she gets her own drop caps:

"Look! it's a picture! we couldn't really make it any bigger in this space so we needed some words too. I like words.

And pictures. I haven't seen the picture so I don't know what it is of but I bet it's "bitchin'". Should I have used the quote "and" the apostrophe there? hmmm. Well I guess it was needed. I could have put the period in between them on the end to spice things up but I just read Eats, Shoots, and Leaves and I feel like using the British, logical way to punctuate! Are these enough words? Would you like more words? Like, "fulcrum" or "absinthe" or "ecumenical?" those are all fun to type. I had a dream last night where I kept trying to use "fulcrum" in causal conversation for some reason and it didn't work, and when I finally \*did\* bust it out nobody knew what it meant and I got really mad and yelled "goddamn it! I learned that word in fucking fourth grade when we did the unit on levers and pulleys and stuff! It's the little triangle under the line! Agh!" and then I woke up. I wasn't hugged enough as a child."

Sheep:



NOT continued on next page, fuckers.

## POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that

maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAT:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)







## Things That Should Fucking Stop

**H**appies: Stop smelling. Bathing is a *good* thing. As is washing your hair. Plus your dreads look stupid.

**First-Years:** After introductions with a first-year, they invariably ask: "So, you a first year?" This has happened numerous times to me, as well as to some I know (shout-out to Emily.) First-years: stop being stupid and assuming every one else is just like you: carefree and horny and really, really annoying. Don't ask me if I am a first-year. I'm a bitter fourth-year, and much wiser than you: leave me alone.

**Car Companies:** Stop showing so many commercials for cars. I have recently begun watching television again. (Probably a bad idea, but hell, I am Div III and have too much time on my hands. I have to waste it by doing something.) I am sick of watching commercials for cars; I am not interested in buying a car. I also have no remote for the television, and am too lazy to get up from my chair, so I have to suffer through these. Life is tough.

**Hampshire:** Stop building stupid shit, like retirement communities and speed bumps. Instead, build student housing, rather than housing students at Amherst College and the local Howard Johnson.

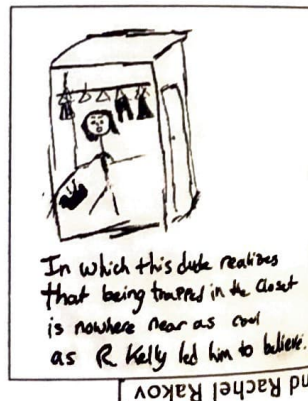
**The Bladder-Full:** Stop peeing in our front yard. I understand you are at a party, and that you are drinking. Now you must pee. Though our front yard may be somewhat out of the way, please find somewhere else to relieve yourself. Preferably a restroom, though barring that, the woods is a great place. This goes out to both men and women: some guy and gal pissed in our yard the other

weekend. Not cool.

**Dump Truck:** Every morning, Monday through Friday, you come to take our trash away. I thank you for this. But please, might it be possible that you could come at a later time in the day? Every morning at 8 AM you wake me up with your incessant banging and crashing, and some week mornings I wouldn't mind sleeping past eight. How about 9? Would the hour kill you?

**Moving Crane:** Along the same lines of the dump truck, the moving crane machine Hampshire has is always jumping around campus. Unfortunately, they always seem to be moving it at 7:30 or something in the morning. The only mornings the dump truck doesn't wake me up are the mornings the crane does. Please leave crane-moving to later in the day, thank-you.

**Hipsters:** Stop smoking in my space. And by my space, I mean give me my twenty feet or whatever the hell it is from the doorways of public buildings. Go ahead, kill yourselves. You're stupid anyways. the world won't mourn you. But stop trying to take me with you.



[by Sarah Weiss and Rachel Rakov]

[by JS Hilliard]



## Three Things To Do With Your OMEN Back-Issues

**E**very two weeks it arrives in Saga. I snatch it up greedily into my greasy little hands and I pour over it, gleaning every little offensive joke and ridiculous postulation that I can find, and it is *glorious*. Soon, though, it is over. The articles read, the cartoons oggled, the satire settling in my stomach, resting uneasily on the pile of usual dining commons food and the occasional squirrel. Thus finished, I embark upon the arcane ritual that is performed every time I receive a new copy of this publication: I place it gingerly upon my desk, adjust the corners carefully so they rest just at odds with the edges of the furniture, and I wait. And every time I watch as it does absolutely nothing. Why isn't it belching loudly, spewing acid or getting up and doing a spontaneous and unabridged special performance of Pirates of Penzance. I know that on a microbial level it is indeed doing very much, swimming with adorable little single-celled organisms, breaking down from a large chunk of Omen-y goodness into thousands of smaller bits of Omen-y goodness and spreading out across the world, but, frankly, that's not good enough. I want coolness I can see. That, my friends, is why I'm writing this little column. It is so you do not have to suffer that same, terrible, boring fate that I undergo week after week. So, I present to you, *Three Things To Do With Your Omen Back-Issues*:

**1) For the (boring) ecologically concerned citizen:**

Reading, and subsequently having to throw away. The Omen is a great way to practice recycling and to show others that you know how to recycle. Simply gather all The Omens that you can find, it doesn't even matter if people are done with them. Hell! It doesn't even matter if anyone has seen them yet. Just wait at the door of Saga until you spy Jacob Lefton carrying the fresh issues in to all the excited readers (he won't be hard to spot, he'll look like an undead hauling a box of brains), snatch the box away from him and head out the door to your nearest recycling shed. Good work, eco-soldier!

**2) For the perpetually young at heart:**

Get all your friends to come to your room with their copies of The Omen, loft your bed, and construct an Omen-fort! When you are finished getting high off of the rubber cement you can split into teams and take turns defending the fort from the evil outsiders. Maybe it's a glorious stone stronghold, maybe it's an old-fashioned saloon just waitin' for a good shoot-out, maybe it's a space station under attack from hostile alien forces! It'll be just like old times, except now you're smart enough to construct paper trebuchets! Have fun storming the castle...

**3) For the seriously paranoid:**

We all know that the government is after you, so why not fashion a crude (continued on next page)

[by Daniel J. Cottle]



## It almost fit on one page!

(from previous page)

drill from old copies of the Omen, dig your way down till you hit a cave and establish there your secret underground bunker. Roll old Omens into a series of massive tubes, fill them with gas and if you regulate it just right, you'll have a fancy machine to do complex and highly cool computations! (Trust us.)

Then cut up your remaining Omens into thin strips, thread them in a nice cross-weave pattern, continuing until you've fashioned the perfect space-age body armor (light, flexible, and completely useless...er...*impenetrable to all harm*). The more back-issues you use, the stronger your armor will be. Now

you're ready to take down those neo-fascist capitalist pigs!

So, that's enough to get you started. We'll return in another two weeks with more fun things to do with your Omen back-



## Reasons Why People May Think I'm Crazy

[by Chris Sample]

1. Why are you eating soup? (Asked in an angry tone of voice while no one was eating soup)
2. That was a really great film, guys. (Here I clap. I rather enjoy the film "My Dinner". I watch it every night)
3. Seriously, guys, I really liked Gigi!
4. Hurry, Bartholomew, time is of the essence! (The shrub, unable to comprehend my intellect, rolls his eyes)

5. World trade! World trade! (Sprinkles spilling out of my mouth, fists pounding on table)
6. I disagree. (A proposed rebuttal upon being introduced to a supposed "Cindy")
7. (Staring at my cereal) Oh God, Frank, I never meant for it to be this way! (My face plunges into the cereal bowl. I begin to cry and consequently choke on the milk.)



## EPC meeting, Tuesday, September 26th

[by Sarah Weiss] Student and faculty advising survey: EPC members discussed the content of a parallel survey for the faculty to analyze in conjunction with the recent student survey of advising. This survey is anonymous and for the purpose of defining, refining and generally improving advising.

Division I learning goals:

EPC continued last year's task of

analyzing Div I. They covered many topics, tossing ideas to the committee as they thought of them. Included was the oft-discussed possibility of combining the learning goals and distribution requirement into one compact, easy-to-grasp, effective set of requirements. They began to tackle the negative perception of learning goals, which seem to have lost meaning since their original conception. How can Div I require-

ments be taken seriously by the college, and how can Div I be an important educational experience? Perhaps Div I should be designed to prepare students, roughly, for a concentration in any department, or perhaps its purpose is to teach students to ask the right questions. EPC is discussing the purpose of Div I in the Hampshire education and how that purpose can be best achieved.



## TRICADECATHALONOMANIA

"Some day it will be worldwide. That's the ultimate goal. And one of the items will say that, at like 3 PM, though obviously different for the different time zones, at that time, everyone will have to go outside and jump. Just one jump. All over the world, everyone at the same time. And at that moment, when everywhere, everyone is jumping at the same time—in that moment I will be God."

These words were said to me by a fellow mr. movies worker as we sat through a long Sunday morning together. He spoke with utter seriousness, though still with the mad-scientist smile that is always somewhere in his expression. Whether he believes the idea is actually achievable or not, I don't know, but I do believe it is the mission he is dedicating his life to.

The man is Adam Forsgren. The mission is Tricadecathalonomania—NATE VS. CEREAL

"Trica" for short. Trica is the cause Forsgren rises and strives for, the blood that runs through his veins, and the reason behind the large and rather nasty scars covering his arms and chest.

In 2001, Forsgren, a senior at Northfield High School, set out to create a 24-hour scavenger hunt. He worked with two other seniors (one of them a cousin of mine), and together the three guys came up with some basic rules—and a list.

The scavenger hunt was to last from midnight on Friday to midnight on Saturday. It would take place in the spring, for optimal weather, and competing teams were to be composed of four or five people (technically, four members, one cameraman). However, first and foremost among the rules was that "cheating, sabotaging, and bribing of the judges is encouraged." The overarching mantra of Trica has

always been "anything goes," though of course the rules are quick to note that any legal trouble teams encounter as a result of the competition is their own responsibility, not the judges. (This came in handy last year when a freshmen girl from one of the teams went to court for wearing only shoes and shirt into Target. She had to do community service, and they tried to confiscate the tape from the team's camera, but it couldn't be found...) The way the event runs is, you meet at the college water tower at midnight to sign up and receive your list. There's this mad dash as everyone surges forward to grab a copy. There's usually a few drunk Carleton students milling around, wondering what the hell is going on. In 2005 the theme was "Pirates vs. Ninjas," so there were a lot of eye patches and stealthy ninja clothes, but even in years without themes, people end up in costume, just

[by Athena Currier]





for the hell of it.

After the midnight check-in, everyone goes home and pours over the list. Items fall into one of four categories: know-its, make-its, do-its, and find-its. Google is sufficient for the less obscure know-its. Make-its require all sorts of random household items, plus lots of duct tape. Find-its generally require a bit more searching. As for do-its...these are the most elaborate. Most embarrassing. And most fun to watch later on the videos.

The teams work hard all night, then meet up at 8 AM in a public park. Here, they can check off items they've accomplished, and take part in the first of the check-in competitions. This year, the 8 AM competition was a milk-drinking contest. One member of each team had to drink a cup of milk, run to a tree and back, drink a cup of milk, run to the tree and back...and so on. Until failure. The winner was this little freshmen girl; she could've kept going forever. When we left, the ground was sopping with milk puke.

Trica is the wildest thing Northfield has ever produced, and its followers are the closest thing to a cult I've ever been part of. And it's all thanks to Forsgren. He is something of a legend in Northfield, Minnesota. And Richmond, Virginia. And Plano, Texas. And a half dozen other small towns near the Twin Cities. But as many love him as hate him; plenty of my friends scoff at him, think he's a loser for still working at mr. movies at age 22. The other two founders are mad at him for spreading Trica out of Northfield. But whatever you think

of him, no one can deny Forsgren's enthusiasm for the event.

And no one can deny the scars. I have only heard it secondhand, from a friend who was actually brave enough to ask, but the scars that cover Adam Forsgren are the greatest of all sacrifices to the altar of Trica.

In 2003, Forsgren headed off to the U of M, Duluth, with grand hopes to start a branch of Trica there. On the Trica website he puts it thus: "I decided to bear the cross up at UMD, so I wrote up a list, and spread the word. Sadly, in preparation for the event, I was immolated in a filming accident. Everything turned out all right, and I, miraculously, survived."

The "filming incident" was this: Adam and a few friends decided to make a kind of "Trica training video." They were going to post it on the website, as a humorous way of telling people what *not* to do during the event. The "humor" piece would come from the fact that, while listing off things participants shouldn't do, Forsgren himself would be lit on fire, rolled down a hill, and hit by a car. Now, Forsgren's a big fan of movies and moviemaking, so he had the fire bit planned out all smooth. He was going to put on a shirt, smear himself in Vaseline, and then put on another shirt—this second shirt would be lit on fire. The thought process of this was that Vaseline was a poor conductor of flame.

It's not. While Vaseline is great for *healing* cuts and burns, it does not prevent them. It's essentially Petroleum Jelly, a substance discovered when it was found sticking to the first oil rigs

in the U.S. When you set fire to a shirt smeared in Vaseline, it's pretty much just being covered in burning oil.

Adam sustained second-and-worse degree burns all over his arms and torso. He had to wear a skin-tight body wrap for months. It was so bad he dropped out of UMD and came home to Northfield. And got back his high school job at mr. movies.

And got back involved with the Northfield Trica.

I did my first Trica as a sophomore in high school. I hadn't planned on it; I didn't have a license yet, and Trica is pretty much useless without a car. But I was hanging out with some friends that Friday, and my friend Rinehart's older brother was a judge that year, and we thought, why not? Four geeky sophomore girls, only one of us could drive. She got tired as hell. But we stuck it out for the full 24 hours, and came in fifth. It was awesome; we put Twinkies in a blender, nailed Jell-o to trees, destroyed a fax machine ala "Office Space," harassed local restaurants by ordering hot ice cream sandwiches, and invented a religion called "Phallicism" (only to find out it already exists).

The next year I wanted better: a truly hardcore team of people. People that wouldn't ditch for church choir or babysitting jobs. I got some sufficient friends together, plus my little sister. And we rocked that bitch. The items included "throw a donut at a cop," "make your own alcohol," "brush your teeth with KY Jelly," "find a one-sided piece of paper," and "write an essay addressing whether or not the kids in 'The Breakfast Club' were still friends

the next day, in MLA format, including an annotated bibliography."

At the 8 PM check-in, my friend Mickey ate a plate full of nasty: cat food, jalapenos, glue, a few vegetable bouillon cubes (complete with metal wrappers). He felt like shit for hours afterwards, especially since he also ate a box of Sure-Gel gelatin powder that expired in 1994. But we kept it up. We kept a pace, and we didn't dissolve into petty fighting or sleeping. These are the downfall of many potentially brilliant Trica teams. Also videogames.

We rocked the other check-ins, too. (Besides the 8 AM check-in, Trica has a noon check-in, a 4 PM, an 8PM, and the final at midnight. Scores are announced at 10 AM the following morning—just to be obnoxious, I think.) We made the judges a gourmet lunch, and gave them perfume-scented fight on a playground, and filmed a *seven-minute* epic battle featuring only words from the book "Green Eggs and Ham."

And we won. Much to our surprise, we beat out the raging, hardcore all-male teams, and the attractive, half-nude all-female teams. Our awards were The Trica Trophy, a battered cello, and a pig's brain floating in a jar. Most importantly, however, we were given the honor of being next year's judges.

Like the rest of the Northfield Trica people, I could go on about Trica for hours. I could tell you about the lengthy list-making meetings, the voting process, arguments over a Trica theme. But perhaps I won't need to. Because last spring, Adam took it up a notch. He combined his two loves, Trica and movies, and brought in four camera crews (i.e. his lecherous technical college friends), and they followed four of the teams, recording their every move, with plenty of touching interviews, and close-ups of milk puke.

The winning team called themselves "Pandamonium," and covered themselves in Panda body paint for

the last check-in. For item #34, they had their younger sisters rewrite the entire list by hand replacing every a with an @, every e with an \*, every I with an !, and every o with #. They gave us Toblerone bars and movie posters. Made a dirty puppet show with swearing vegetables. Sabotaged another team by filling their car with freshmen girls in bikinis.

Ah, Trica. Never will there be a better reason to go without sleep, to shave your eyebrows, to pierce your parent's ears. With the newness of each spring, Trica is reborn. And every year, it grows...and grows...

Someday—some three in the afternoon (though adjusted for time zones)—someday you will hear them jumping.

For photos, past lists, and other information about Trica, check out [trica.clockworkdistractions.com](http://trica.clockworkdistractions.com). If you're interested in starting a competition here, email me at [abc06](mailto:abc06).



## Bad Costume Ideas

Bacon stapled to your clothes  
Beat up gay guy.  
Anything involving creepiness if you're on acid.  
Acid (you'll be in high demand).  
Freddy Mora.  
Slobodan Milosevic.  
A rapist.  
Maggots and superglue. In any form.  
Anything exposing skin.  
That thing you were last year

A cereal killer  
A stupid pun, like a 'Freudian slip' that everyone has already thought of and didn't do because it was so damn obvious  
A cactus  
Naked  
A Kissing Booth when you've been diagnosed with Mono the day before  
That time you bought a cowhide in town and wore it around and couldn't

get the smell off for weeks  
Terri Schiavo, or Roy of 'Seigfried and...' post accident.  
Your Div III. No one cares but you anyway  
A baboon in heat, where you cut off the back of your jeans and slap your ass until it's bright red  
The 'before' image from a hemorrhoid cream ad because it didn't work last year and won't work this year



## On Some Certain Beverage Choices

[ by Tabitha Boschetti ]

There's something really sexy about a guy who drinks milk. I admit though, that it's possible that it's just the milk itself emanating the sensual qualities for me. Maybe it's the consistency. Maybe it's the dichotomy of something at once considered wholesome, that yet comes from a nipple. It could even be all those hormones they shoot into cows so that little girls have their periods before they know their times tables and don't stop until well after their second husbands die of cardiac arrest.

Regardless, as a heterosexual woman who isn't vegan. I see a guy and a glass of milk at once, and I think good things. There was a summer day not long ago when I happened to be wandering in an unknown suburb and stumbled upon a *tacqueria* at just the time I was hungry. Now, this *tacqueria* wasn't serving up anything particularly tasty to wash down its burritos, and their ice-machine was empty, so I was settling down with a reasonably potable glass of luke-warm tea while I looked about the room. I was taking little pictures and eating my edibles, when this guy walked in, not exactly "my type," not even at all, "my type," except for one thing: he had brought his own milk.

I watched as his forearm brought the carton down onto the table on the other side of this tacky aqua picket fence that separated the booths. I watched his fingers spread open the spout and gazed as he poured the 4% milk-fat richness into one of the same plastic glasses as I held in my own hand. I couldn't take my eyes off of him, or rather, the milk. I would hold the milk in view and see only a circumference of about eight inches away from that point. My eyes

would move in succession from his chest at the table, to just under his nose as he gulped down his beverage of choice.

Eventually, he became aware that I was staring at him. Not really thinking of anything but the milk and the fact that I hadn't really talked to any male my age outside of my place of employment since I had made a temporary move to the area a few weeks beforehand, I kept it going. We would nibble our food, glance around for a bit, then always rest back on each other: fleeting at first, very fleeting. Then eyes would move elsewhere the next time, so that we could put together pieces of motion, try to extract something about the other from how we approached the burrito, how we surveyed other things. I would get up to refill my cup and make a slight smile as I passed. I refilled my cup four times.

Then, the manager came. His flamboyant little strut was given a slight lilt by the fact that he was carrying a bucket of ice, which he proceeded to pour into the machine. As I was about half way through my fourth glass of tea, I vaguely considered if I would put ice in it, when the man at the other table got up.

He had seemed friendly with the manager when he first came in, so I thought little of it at first when he approached the area. But then... then, he just took his glass up to the machine. He took his glass of delicious creamy milk and he put ice in it. I mean, he actually went out of his way, interrupted his entire meal, his entire milk-enjoyment experience to boot, to put ice in the milk. Ice! Now milk, as I believe I have already covered, has many sensual properties. Ice, however,

negates all of them. Texture? Not creamy. Wholesome? No, watered down. Nipple-related? I sure as hell don't want ice on my breasts. Maybe you're into that somehow, and if you are, cool I guess, go for it, but not me.

I go into a state of disbelief and disgust. Here I had thought that I had found a reasonably attractive fellow, and now, there's just ice in the milk. I start staring at the glass in complete awe of what had just happened. It's too hard for me to believe.

He looks back my way again after taking a long sip of that milk. I imagine that feeling of ice hitting one's lips as they dip into a glass, and then that feeling surrounding the milk; I shudder. He, however, doesn't seem to realize my disgust. Rather, he still thinks I'm checking him out. I finish my burrito as fast as I can, only it's making me really thirsty. I get up to refill my glass again to wash it all down, and eventually give up and ask for a doggy bag so I can get the hell out of there.

On my way out my bladder is sagging on my insides telling me to pee. I don't bother waiting for the women's restroom to open up and go straight into the men's so that I don't have to stand there while that disgusting putrid man makes these playful faces toward me. I just pee, and I leave, back through the rows of bungalows and ranch houses that fill the residential neighborhood abutting the street I was just on. I walk on to the light-rail station pleased to be rid of the horrid sight I had just witnessed. I walk on for fifteen or twenty minutes when I realize two horrible things.

For one, the fellow I had just seen

was apparently traveling in the same direction as I was, and secondly, five glasses of tea means having to pee a lot more than that one time had covered. Moreover, this neighborhood apparently had never heard of "mixed-use" communities. The whole place is composed two-story homes and yards without even some decent shrubbery for a brief relief.

I consider going back, but I should be hitting the station in a few minutes, plus going back would mean passing by that man again in that passing-of-strangers silence that requires at least eye-contact and can justify an all-out "hello" from the other party, which I certainly did not want. I consider trying to go down a parallel street, but this is a really strange neighborhood that's confusing the crap out of me already and I'm nervous that I'm on the wrong road. It goes straight for a few yards, then breaks off into two slight-slopes, then meets back, and they're all numbered except that the numbers don't line up until they meet again. I consider walking up to someone's house, banging on the door, and demanding use of his bathroom. The refusals, however, might take longer than if I just keep walking. I walk faster and faster, trying to rid myself of the man who actually puts ice in his milk, and to bring my bladder the relief it deserves. As I go up the stairs to the train platform though, somehow he's right at the bottom of the flight and I find that the stop does not even have the kind of disgusting public restroom that I would settle for right now.

It's five minutes before the train will come. I spend several of them trying to hide in a corner by the ticket machine, until I realize that he's on the other side and I'd have to pass by him to get out of the place where I was. I won't go until I hear him go first, and I hear

the train coming. It seems though that he's catching the same one, so I'm able to leave on time to dash on board. I squash myself into a purple seat with my legs up on the back of another in such away that I hope I might relieve the intensifying pressure from the urine that now feels like it might permanently compress my internal organs. This seems to involve letting my legs fly off in opposite directions as far away from my abdomen as possible. One goes over the back of the seat in front of me and the other goes on the seat next to me and I arch my back around trying to find a better position. In turning, I get to realize that I'm riding the same car as the guy with the ice, who is taking an acute interest in these contortions, which, especially since I am doing them in a skirt, may be less than modest. I recoil and feel a blow as my legs come back crossed in front of me. I question if I'll be able to hold the deluge inside for the next hour of riding the train, then the twenty-minute walk back to my house. I should definitely call my mom to pick me up at the stop there, if I can make it that far. I'm not sure if the moisture I'm feeling is the slow release of what's building inside of me, or from being turned on by the milk earlier. The thought of that same milk again makes me queasy. The queasiness compounds with the feeling of having to pee.

The next stop is announced. It's at some kind of shopping mall.

Shopping malls, in my experience, have bathrooms. This should be easy.

I dash off the train and look around. I seem to be in a grassy park. I panic for a moment that this "mall" will turn out to be the other kind of "mall": the grassy non-public-restroom-and-overpriced-store kind. I spin around in circles several times in search for the shopping center of relief that I had

anticipated. I see hotels, wandering people, and of course, the guy with the ice in the milk. I seem to keep spinning, because for one, I'm really desperate to see something else, and also, because I'm afraid that when I stop, the sudden splash of the urine inside of me will hit too hard to be contained. At this point though, I'm not even that certain of why it should be contained. In fact, peeing myself might bring the added benefit of disgusting that guy just as much as he had disgusted me. Somehow though, my cultural sense of not-peeing-onself takes hold, and as my spinning world lands on the guy with the ice in the milk again, I see the direction he's walking in. Beyond a tree, in precisely that direction, I make out the sign, "Meyer and Frank." My past few weeks on the west coast had taught me that this was a department store. Department stores have bathrooms. Good.

I dash in that direction. I don't really dash because I'm afraid of sloshing around too much, plus I can't really breathe because there isn't room enough in my torso for full lung expansion and my bladder all at once, but I walk pretty darn quickly. I soon bust into the Meyer and Frank entrance and spot a sign depicting the classic male and female signs that have become synonymous with places to pee, and an arrow pointing me in the direction of my relief. As I come to a wall in that direction, I relax my bladder expectant of eminent urination. I'm letting out a breath of air knowing that my lungs will be able to expand again and push my hands out for a bathroom door.

All I find, however, is an elevator. A yellow elevator. I am pissed. I tighten my bladder again and backtrack out of that damned corner. I see one of the signs again. There are three of the restroom people inside a box. Apparently, when



these guys roam in twos, they pee, but when there's an odd number, they just travel up and down in elevator boxes. Though I find this enlightening, there are more pressing matters at hand. I whip through the store in pursuit of socially-acceptable urination. I don't even bother to go around the perfume department and take the assault to eyes, nose, and throat with valiance worthy of some kind of medal had I also just been wounded in combat.

I speed-walk out of the store and into the outside mall. Young yuppie couples and back-to-school shoppers don't say anything when I explain to them that I have to pee like a pregnant woman at a lawn sprinkler convention and don't know where I can find a restroom, while walking past. I wonder if I might save time by stopping since I might get a real response. I try it once but the woman just shrugs, so I don't try it again. At this point I'm desperate for even one of those little directory maps with the red dot telling me where I am and where I can pee. I have to walk the length of two football fields to reach even that though. I stand in front of it barking for it to tell me where a bathroom is, find that there might be one and half of them in the entire retail swarm, the nearest of which is on the next floor up and three football fields in the direction I had just come from. I can't stop to be angry though. I'm barely able not to walk into people as I barge my way through.

I sat on the toilet, and nothing happened.

I hate that. I hate when I've been holding it for so long that my bladder seems permanently stuck in that position. I hate the anti-climax after almost knocking down the janitor who's just trying to mop the floor,

slamming into the stall, ripping off everything between me and the toilet, then not being able just to let loose a deluge with the kind of drama as when an earthquake in a bad 70's movie busts open a dam and the mother is trying to save her unconscious son in the levy from impending doom. I want small children to be in danger when I sit down after all of this. I don't want to feel exactly the same as I did before I got there for several minutes. I don't want the release to come ever so slowly, so that by the time I'm fully released half of the urine is gone and it's no

better than a namby-pamby teacher. I-have-to-go-to-the-bathroom-because. I'm-bored urination. I want it to be the best piss ever. I want untold relief and joy. I didn't get it.

I did, however, never see the man who put ice in his milk again. I got on the train again, walked home, and had myself a glass of pure 4% milk-fat goodness. I was reasonably happy. It might just be the milk.



## Awesome Googlisms!

the omen is a classic look at the possibility of the apocalypse  
the omen is really sunday tabloid christianity  
the omen is easily transportable and can fit in the trunk of a small car  
the omen is pretty pulpy stuff with absolutely no religious significance or biblical veracity whatsoever  
the omen is een van de beste voorbeelden van een film die het maakte vooral dankzij de filmmuziek  
the omen is a new type of marker  
the omen is no longer bookies favourite to be dropped  
the omen is in for a real treat  
the omen is totally absorbed with evil as a superior force  
the omen is a gangsta/horrorcore juggalo rapper from new york  
the omen is one of jerry goldsmith's approximately 21 masterpieces  
the omen is on the us version in the original mono and a newly created stereo surround soundtrack that was made for the laserdisc remaster issue

the climax is that point beyond which everything is extraneous  
the climax is the scene where hamlet kills claudius  
the climax is a topless high performance hanglider whilst being one of the easiest in its class to launch and land  
the climax is when i'm on top and when i had a couple of drinks of alcohol in my system  
the climax is full of dicks  
the climax is even better than a standard midget and the excellent steering lock renders parking particularly simple  
the climax is responding to the proposal of the water quality control division  
the climax is receptive to all of us? some of us are placing mobile homes for a more permanent lifestyle  
the climax is south yorkshire's biggest gay night

hampshire college is committed to purchase products  
hampshire college is a 3  
hampshire college is incorporated under the irs code 501 c 3 as a >not  
hampshire college is 1/4 mile on the left  
hampshire college is known for its business program but it also offers a large and well known hotel  
hampshire college is leader in sex  
hampshire college is full of hippies with trust funds  
hampshire college is the perfect place for lunch  
hampshire college is not yet available; it will be posted here when it is released  
hampshire college is a student run organization dedicated to promoting understanding and creating awareness around issues of professional wrestling  
hampshire college is developing an aquaponic system that has tremendous potential to produce food and income for rural and urban populations

saga is one of the largest makers of fine jewelry  
saga is the most original rpg in 1998  
saga is an excellent old school thrash metal album  
saga is working to create and improve itself through uniting areas of nursing and care insurance  
saga is an epic drama of sex  
saga is essential reading for all students of african american history  
saga is usually understood a prosaic long story from the middle ages  
saga is not about spreadsheets  
saga is so pathetic  
saga is threatening to stain labour  
saga is full of woe





# Friday the 13th Horoscopes

**Aries: March 21 - April 20**

Listen to a friend or family member's advice sparingly today; the baby you unwittingly carry, though the seed of he who shall not be named, is not the Anti-Christ.

**Taurus: April 21 - May 21**

No one loves an argument. Compromise. Cut only one arm off.

**Gemini: May 22 - June 21**

Stay away from amputees with a lisp today - though they will say they only offer oral sex, their bite is much worse than their bark.

**Cancer: June 22 - July 22**

As you are discussing future plans with friends today, do not plan too far ahead. The cancer that is ravaging your body will take you soon.

**Leo: July 23 - August 21**

Today you'll find out through bizarre circumstance that the Omen fucked your mom.

**Virgo: August 22 - September 23**

The good news is, you'll survive the fall off the ladder with only seventeen broken bones. The bad news is that when you were precariously balanced up there and then your phone rang, it was actually the insurance company calling to let you know your plan was canceled.

**Libra: September 24 - October 23**

Don't eat the baby. It's poisoned.

**Scorpio: October 24 - November 22**

Talk out any problems you may have with coworkers today; the gunman will get them all tomorrow.

**Sagittarius: November 23 - December 22**

When the doctor laughs, don't worry. You'll end up outliving him by about .3 of a second, as the meteor will hit him before it rips through you.

**Capricorn: December 23 - January 20**

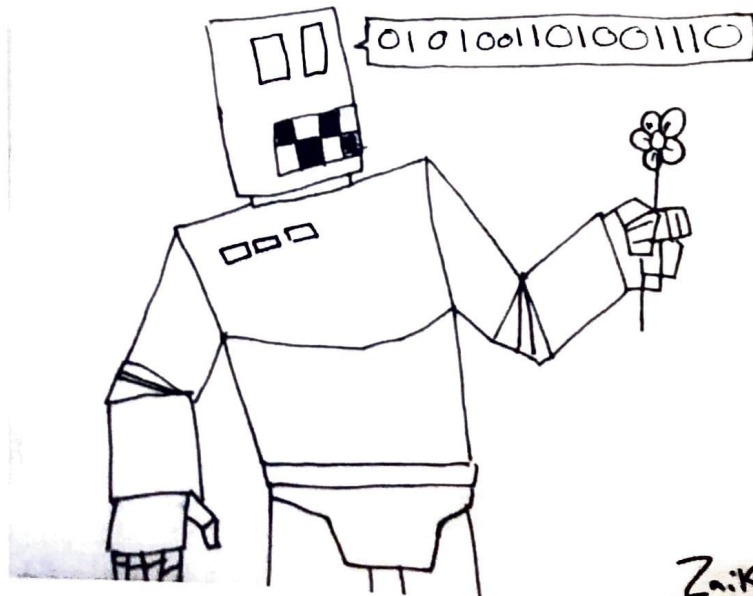
Remember to be thankful, for life could always be worse. Also, she had crabs.

**Aquarius: January 21 - February 19**

Though the dinosaur you have been seeing is not real, that won't stop it from chomping off your balls sometime today.

**Pisces: February 20 - March 20**

If you play your cards right today, you might not die. Haha! Who are we kidding? Your execution is scheduled for 10AM sharp. Just think of that little girl and what section of Hell is reserved for you.



Zaika Army

## Why Join the Archery Team? Answer Continues to Evade Omen Staff Writer

"We shoot everything," Gansukh Batsaikhan tells me. Gansukh is the self-professed captain of the Hampshire archery team, the looming, swarthy figure you've probably seen brooding at

the bus stop not getting on any of the buses. He is also a man who supposedly shoots everything. "Targets, batteries, political maps, occasionally Magnolia's face," I questioned team member Felix Lufkin about this notorious incident

that nearly resulted in the dissolution of the entire team. "I was seriously dive-bombed by a bat," he maintains. "I did not mean to shoot Magnolia in the face." Needless to say, "night-shooting" is now explicitly prohibited on the Hampshire campus.

The archery team at Hampshire is best known perhaps for practicing constantly and never winning. Hence the old saying, "If you enjoy practicing constantly and never winning, join the Hampshire archery team." I asked Gansukh, what's the deal? "Certainly the fact that our coach is the god damn choral director isn't *helping* us win," he admitted. "But we definitely sing better than any archery team on the Eastern seaboard."

Potential team pledges who like the sound of "a most rigorous and god-toppling initiation program" may contact the team through campus mail, c/o Magnolia Thrash, box 1545. But Gansukh warns that team vacancies are few and far between: "I can pretty much guarantee that we won't accept you, whoever you are." I couldn't help but wonder, why would I even want to be part of a team that never wins and is full of ass holes? Gansukh laughs and tells me, "Because you can't be."

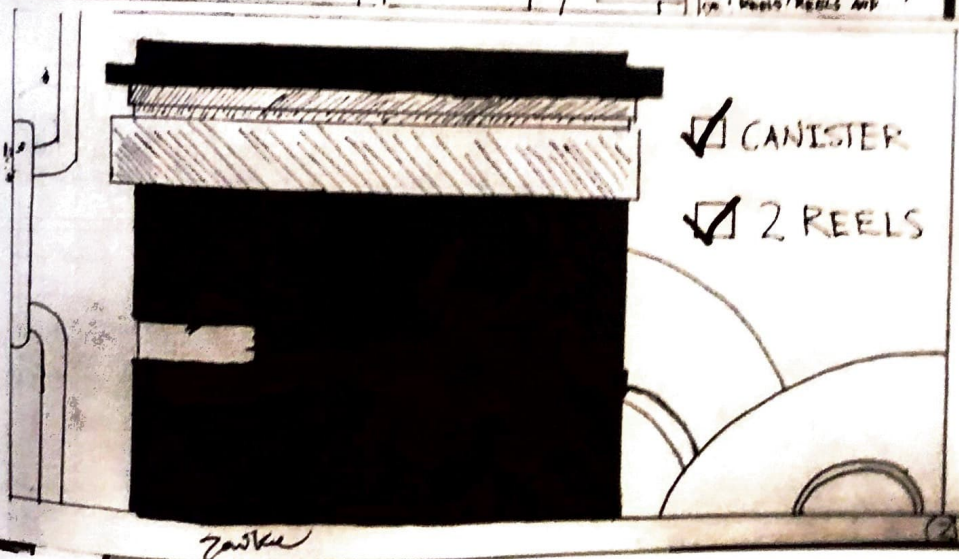
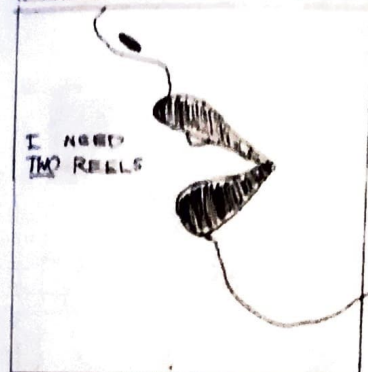
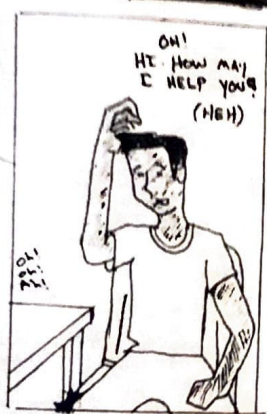
Want to see the archery cult? I mean team in action? Check them out at Williams College next weekend. They'll probably lose, but someone might get shot in the face!



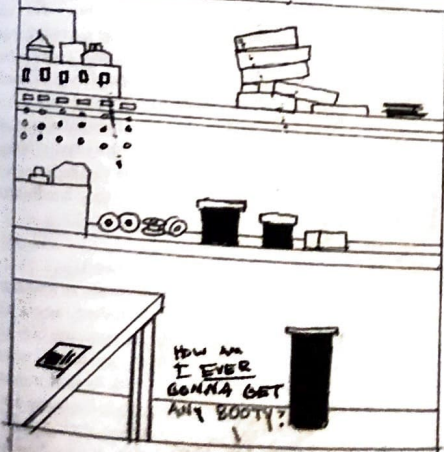
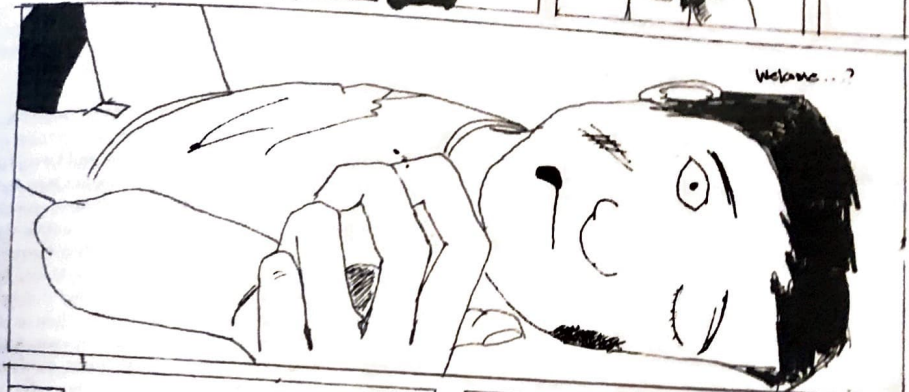
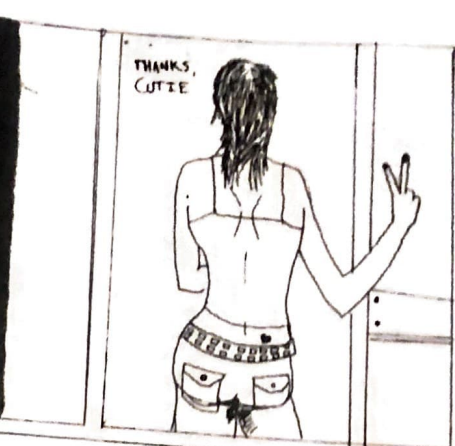
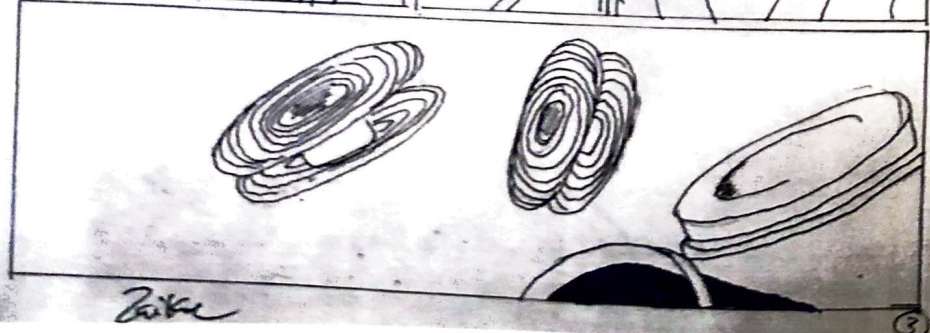
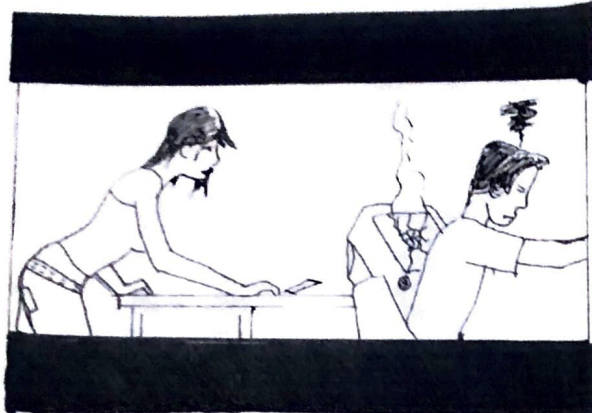
[by Josiah Aiken-Drake]



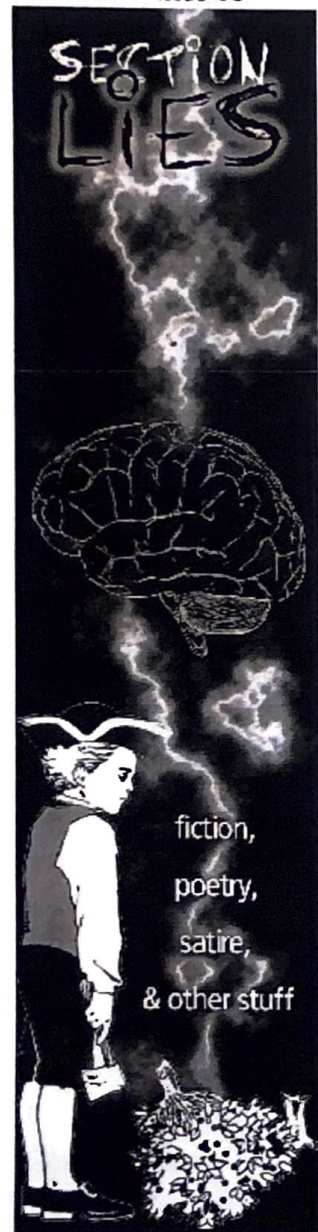












## An Open Letter to My Nephew, Philip Miningkus

By: Chester Miningkus

Dearest Philip,

Since our first encounter, this last Christmas, I've found that my conscious has been nagging at me. You see, I really haven't been all that honest with you, and I'm afraid that I told you some bold faced lies during my visit. I realized it was an impossible task to recount *all* of the lies, so I've since decided to content myself with an arbitrarily arranged list of lies that made it into my "top eight" as the phrasing of your youthful generation goes. It is now October, and I would like to clear these matters up before I come out to visit, this coming winter.

### 1. "Looks like Santa took notice of your good deeds this year!"

I recall saying this as we were walking into the living room Christmas morning. I had seen a stack of presents underneath the Christmas tree and, knowing that it was unlikely your parents or I would have received many presents, felt inclined to comment on the matter. I'm afraid of all the things I could have said, this was the least helpful. Why was this not helpful and how did I know that your parents and I would not have received many presents? Well, believe it or not, these questions are related in their answer. I'm afraid that Santa Claus does not exist. Yes, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, however, as the teller of this tall tale, I must own up to things as they really are. But honestly, do you really think anyone lives at the North Pole? And would this person truly watch over every child? Unlikely. Ask yourself then, who *does* have the ability to supervise you on a daily basis? Yes, Philip, the gears in your head must be turning now, and you are correct

if you have guessed your parents. It was not right of me to fuel the belief that you live in a world of fancy and magic. No, this world is one of stark bleakness with occasional glimmers of light. As to how I knew that most of the presents were yours, why that was just an educated guess based on the *knowledge* that your parents and I hadn't purchased each other many gifts and the *assumption* that you were too poor to get us much of anything besides those class-made art projects.

### 2. "You're such a charming young man"

Truth be told, this statement wasn't very truthful. As a socialite, I've had the pleasure of meeting many gentlemen in my day, and I would think less of myself if I didn't now suggest to you that you brush up on your skills of charm. Take for instance your cousin, Frankford. When I arrived at your Aunt and Uncle's house, I was immediately greeted by this young gentleman and offered a chair in which to sit. Frankford took my coat, directed me to the room's most comfortable chair, and offered me tea. Not only that, but he was able to carry on a very engaging and educated conversation (unlike your other nephew, Philynicia) until his parents arrived home. Now *that's* charm. Yes, hand shaking and musical talent are important aspects of charm, you're on the right path in that regard, however they hardly form a strong base.

### 3. "It wasn't your fault"

Following my remark about your stack of presents, you dashed across the room to grab them, bumping over the Christmas tree in the process. It was as if I saw a train wreck in slow motion: the tree wobbled slowly back and forth several times, everyone staring at it in stunned silence, until it finally came

[ by Chris Sample ]

crashing to the floor, colliding with the table that had your goldfish and his bowl, on its way. The fish, flying across the room, just so happened to lodge itself in your dog's throat, resulting in his choking to death. Needless to say, both animals died that morning, though I'm sure you haven't forgotten this fact. Your parents and I both came to your side as you began to cry, and as an act of comfort I informed you that, "It wasn't your fault". I'm sorry to say that it was just that though, an *act* of comfort. One could presumably argue that I'm at fault here, since I'm the one who made the comment about your presents, however I could hardly have been expected to anticipate such a reaction. You really shouldn't have run into the room so foolhardily; you knew that your mother had waxed the floors that previous day, I saw you watch her. Indeed this incident was, "all you", as they say. I feel a bit red in the face, actually, it seems as though I was on a fibbing streak that day because I followed up this second lie with yet another, but I'll address that later. See "Your animals are up in pet heaven".

### 4. "You can be anything you want when you grow up"

Oh, no, no, no. There are many things we want to be in life. The truth is we just can't have it all, and many dreams go unfulfilled. Now, I'm not saying that you're doomed to fail at what it is you want to be, but I think it's irresponsible of me to build you up with false hopes that you can be whatever you want solely because you want to be that thing. There's a lot of hard work that must go into dreams, and even then, you're not guaranteed success. Just look at that deaf gardener of yours, what's his name? San Pedro? I'm sure that he wanted to be something else besides a gardener, and just look at how hard *he* works! If that's not an

example of a dream deferred, I don't know what is. Don't worry about it all too much though, you do, after all, have the advantage of a "white" heritage. Just keep that nose of yours to the grindstone and you just might have a shot at fulfilling your dream of becoming an astronaut.

### 5. (All those times I laughed at your knock-knock jokes)

It's what we refer to as "humoring". I'd heard them all before, and I've heard a good deal funnier in my day as well. I'd appreciate it if, in the future, you'd refrain from nonsense jokes such as, "Knock, knock. Who's there? Cargo. Cargo who? Car go 'beep, beep!'" It's crucial for a joke to work on at least two levels if others are going to find it humorous. At the very least, if the joke only functions on one level it shouldn't be so crudely constructed. Here's an example to improve your collection: "How many Native Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb? Both of them." However, if you find that you're still at a loss as to where to go from here, as far as humor is concerned, I would suggest writing to your cousin, Frankford. He really has a good store of jokes right up his sleeve, and I'm sure he'd be more than happy to share them with you.

### 6. "Your animals are up in pet heaven"

Science has, as of yet, to determine where it is animals truly go to after they die. My statement had no basis in reality. I apologize.

### 7. "You tried your best"

This one came after a particularly devastating loss, suffered by your little league team. If memory serves me right, I believe I was patting you on the head at the time I said this. I know

your parents made similar remarks, and perhaps they were earnest in their sentiments. I can't speak on the matter of what game it was they were watching, but I myself was paying close attention to the game at hand and noticed many elements that were lacking in your "game".

For one, your stance was incredibly poor. You need to stand up properly when at the plate, otherwise you'll just exert yourself and perform poorly. Next, you need to grip up on the bat. Once again, something very simple can have profound impact on your "game". Gripping higher up on the bat, mind you, this is just in your case, will help you to hit the ball more effectively, as opposed to continually popping it up for everyone and their mother to catch.

Finally, *pay more attention*. I lost track of how often I saw you sitting down in right field, caught up in your own world, forcing that poor boy playing center field to cover all your ground. Oh yes, occasionally you would make an effort to get up and catch the ball, but sometimes results speak louder than actions. Keep these items in mind the next time you play a game of baseball.

### 8. That I love you

No, I haven't said this to you at any time in the past, however I am closing my letter in this fashion. It's really just a formality, however, what with my rash of lies, I want to make sure that we're on the same page and I don't come across as a fibber at this letter's completion.

Love, Your Uncle,  
Chester Miningkus





## Beloved Hampshire Student "Enrique" Dead at 18, Al Qaeda Claims Responsibility

[by Enrique Van Slyke]

**Amherst, Mass.** – The great nation of the United States of America will never forget the tragic events of October 5<sup>th</sup>, 2006. It started off just like any other day, with the sun rising, people waking, wind blowing, and a few minority of people putting their underwear on backwards and then later feeling rather silly about it. As students groggily climbed out of bed and refused to shower yet again, as they made their way to their morning classes, they would never have suspected what would come next. It was 10:12 AM when 2<sup>nd</sup> year Molly McLeod was riding her bike to her 10:30 class. As she rode merrily, a suspicious looking man – accompanied by 18 other suspicious looking men (and one not-so-suspicious, but rather adorable, man) – suddenly stopped her. The man demanded her bike, as he needed it to "cause massive destruction to the American Devil." Molly, being the nice person that she is, politely refused as she was on her way to class but suggested that if they needed to use a bike that urgently they could try one of the yellow bikes around campus because they are for everyone, adding that he should be careful because sometimes they don't have breaks. The man thanked her and told the white devil to have a pleasant day before rotting in forever burning hell-fires. The 19 suspicious men (and one adorable) approached a yellow bike lying on the ground. They demanded that it surrender immediately, as they had liquids in their carry-on bags that were above 4oz. The bike surrendered.

The 20 men piled onto the bike, in order from least adorable to most adorable, and were seen riding into the

Merrill quad. And then, as the image is forever burned into our minds, there was the blast that a couple of people noticed but just thought was their "horny neighbors that fuck all the time."

When the dust settled, the nation was viewing the single worst attack on its soil in history. Enrique Van Slyke's dorm room had been hit by a suicide-biker. The news captured and displayed



This is a fucking bike.

the awful, devastating scene: bags of chips everywhere, clothes sprawled out all over the floor, posters falling off their place on the walls, papers covering everything, miscellaneous items expelled across the room – pretty much what Enrique's room normally looks like, but with shit on fire. And then, the nation's eyes fell across Enrique's remains. It was apparent that he had not even finished putting his pants on and his boxers were on backwards when the bike struck. His body lay strewn across the floor. He was a gruesome sight to behold, but none-the-less the fucking sexiest dead body anyone had seen. Within hours of the attack, an al Qaeda website claimed responsibility.

"America will feel the pain that it has subjected us too for all of these years." It reported, "Enrique Van Slyke's pure sexiness will no longer be tolerated by those who are the true followers of the Islamic faith. The fact that he flaunted this wonder-of-a-body around with out a care in the world for so long is despicable. America will know the true meaning of sexy, now." And then, added, "AL QAEDA HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL RULES!"

At an amazing well-scheduled photo-op that was really convenient in correlation to his extremely low approval ratings, the president stood on the rubble that was Enrique's dorm room. "The United States Of America will not tolerate such acts of terrorism! These people hate our sexiness! Well, we will make sure our sexiness is no longer threatened by the rest of the globe!" Shortly thereafter, Bush announced the invasion of Iran, Syria, Britain, Atlantis City, France, Canada, Utah, Syria again, his left ear, the Pacific ocean, Venezuela, The Land Of Oz, pretzel manufacturers, Gary Coleman, The Omen office, the moon, Mars, and SkyNet – dubbing the major military campaign *Operation Sexy On The March*.

*Note: Any errors, typos, grammatical mistakes, rude remarks, or offensive material was completely intended – so buzz off.*



## I COULD NEVER GET THE HANG OF THURSDAYS

[A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams\*]

Look at that! Another Thursday! Oddly enough, a Thursday when I'm actually writing my column, instead of writing it some other day (usually Saturday, about an hour after I've been reminded that I needed to hang in my article an hour ago) and passing it off as Thursdays work. Oh, what treacherous people we writers are, always out to deceive. What a thing to do.

My column this week is about playground equipment, slides in particular. I was taking my usual stroll around the area yesterday and found myself wondering whatever happened to slides. When you are a child, before your life becomes the dull, mundane thing that it is, there are lots of slides available to you. You can to any playground and slide down things to your hearts content, and not worry about things like getting the seat of your pants soiled by dirt and allergens. The idea of climbing back *down* the stairs doesn't even occur to you. And you don't even mind waiting your turn for the slide, because it never takes long. As a child, you have enough sense not to try to fight gravity; it makes much more sense to work *with* gravity than to try to overcome it.

It occurred to me, walking, that it is very strange to hear an adult person wishing for slides, as they are generally the playthings of children that seem to

disappear from the world as soon as you hit the age of thirteen or so, when slides suddenly become "uncool". Then again, perhaps we writers are not the perfect examples of adults. Because a majority of our profession consists of wondering what on Earth we're going to write, we spend a good amount of time not writing and doing other things, like running about without much of a purpose, eating foods that are probably not good for us and will almost certainly ruin our appetites, and getting scolded by those who are waiting for us to do the task that was asked of us a thousand times. So it is just possible that I am too childlike to behave like a proper adult, and that is why I have such trouble understanding why there are no slides in the adult world.

Because it makes sense, doesn't it, to have slides coming out of buildings for everyday use? They can't be that expensive to build, and they can be build wide enough to hold several people. And you can use either plastics or metal to build them, so weight restrictions don't have to be a concern. And it certainly takes less time to slide down to a place than to walk down twelve steps and out a door to reach the same destination. Besides, I think it would improve the mood of the general population. Sliding down things makes everything more fun.

doesn't it? Wouldn't you rather finish a business meeting, shake hands with your partners, and then slide out of the building than take an elevator or a set of stairs?

Perhaps you, dear reader, think me to be a bit mad. At the very least you might be thinking that I am too childish to be a proper adult. And to counter this argument, I leave you with this name: Carsten Höller. Höller, a Belgium man who has a doctorate in biology, uses his training as a scientist in his work as an artist, and is currently installing slides throughout Tate Modern's Turbine Hall. (For those of you who are interested, an article on this endeavor can be found at the following web address: <http://www.tate.org.uk/modern/exhibitions/carstenholler/default.htm>).

So perhaps, slides aren't just for the young and not yet fully educated, after all.

*\*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakoc, who extends her thanks to an unknown person for his or her help in writing this article. Any questions, comments, or complaints will be documented and thought about, though not necessarily responded to.*



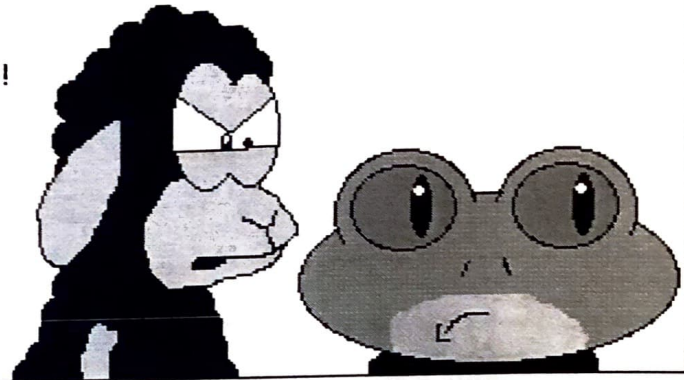
[by Rachel Rakoc]



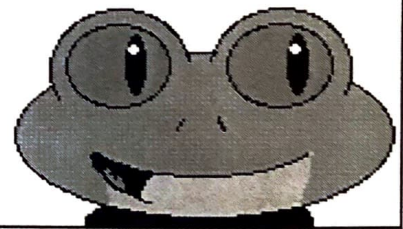
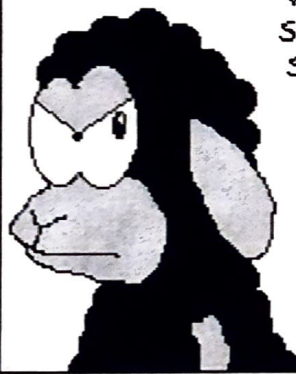
# BLACK SHEEP & FROG

...Go to an Art Show

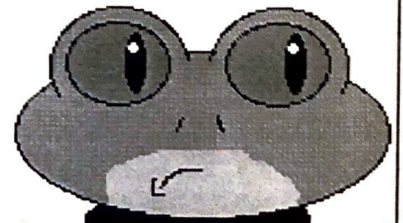
THAT PAINTING SUCKS!  
I DIDN'T GET IT RIGHT AWAY,  
THEREFORE IT IS PRETENTIOUS!  
AND NOW IT'S MAKING ME  
THINKG ABOUT STUFF!  
I HATE THAT!



WELL I LIKE IT. IT SHOWS THE ARTIST AS STRONG BUT  
SHY, AFRAID TO COME OUT OF HIS SHELL BUT IS HOPING  
SOMEONE WILL HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY THROUGH THE  
DARKNESS AND PAIN HE HAS CREATED FOR HIMSELF.



YEAH, I DID THIS PAINTING  
IN LIKE A DAY SINCE I GOT  
STUPID DRUNK EVERY NIGHT  
THIS WEEK. I DON'T REALLY  
KNOW WHAT IT IS. I'M JUST  
HAPPY MY PROFESSOR  
DOESN'T THINK IT SUCKS.



**BY ANDREW FLANAGAN**

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